

The Words by Shakespear

Andante
Vivace

ORPHEUS with his Lute made Trees, and the Mountain tops that

freeze, bow, bow Themselves when he did Sing, when he did Sing... when

he did Sing. To his Music, Plants and Flow'rs ever rose, e_ever rose, as

Sun... and Showers there had made a las... ting Spring, as Sun... and

Showers there had made a las... ting Spring.

Allegro

Every thing that heard him Play, Ev'n the Bil... lows of the

Sea, hung their heads, and then lay By, hung their heads and

then lay By. In sweet Music is such art, killing Care and Grief of

heart, fall asleep, or hearing die. In sweet Music is such art,

killing Care and Grief of heart, killing Care and Grief of heart, fall a-

sleep or hearing die or hearing die.